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SCENES AND SIGHTS IN LONDON.

No. III.

MUSIC AND DANCING SALOONS—SCHOOLS FOR CRIME.

"PREVENTION is better than cure," has ever been our motto in the Ragged School movement. The results of our labours have already proved, that it is better and cheaper to train and educate the boy, than to punish him when a hardened criminal, provided the education and training be of a proper character. It is not, whether the boy is to have any education or not—but of what character is that education to be? Is he to be educated in the streets, the dancing saloon, the low public-house, the penny theatre, or the school? Every right-thinking mind will at once admit, that the school is the only place among those enumerated, in which a proper education can be obtained. Yet it is a fearful fact, that in the metropolis there are thousands of children and youths, who are only receiving a street education during the day, and are being trained in debauchery and crime, through the demoralizing influences of the dancing saloon, or the low penny theatre, at night. It is a striking fact, that while pauperism and crime are increasing with fearful rapidity, the demand for an increase of such places is still greater. That eighty-seven new applications were made at the Middlesex Sessions, for the opening of music and dancing rooms, gives sad indications of the low state of moral and religious feeling. Had these licenses been granted, an impetus would have been given to immorality and crime, to an extent which we are not prepared to estimate. Mr. Wilks, in an admirable speech on that occasion, clearly showed the evils resulting from such places, and the

counteracting effects they must have on the Ragged School and kindred movements :—

"Although it was very true that there were but sixty-one places of the description alluded to which had received licenses from that court, yet he was astounded to see that there were this year not fewer than eighty-seven persons who were about to present themselves before that bench, to ask for its authority to open similar establishments of an equally demoralizing character. That being the fact, let him urge upon the magistrates to use the utmost caution in dealing with each individual case, for the course which the bench might take on that day was, in his opinion, fraught with far greater importance to the welfare of the population of the metropolis, more especially, as well as to that of society in general, than most people were aware of. He need not say, that the granting these licenses was infinitely more perilous to the morals and to the social interests of the community than it was in his power to depict. Let the bench concede these licenses, and the publicans would be rushing to the court in thousands, asking that their houses might have the like license granted to them, and so to be converted into so many dancing saloons. Where was the evil to stop? and at what point was its progress to be arrested? Let them look at their prisons—see the immense amount of juvenile depravity and crime which was there developed. Let them next look at the over-crowded state of their lunatic asylums—so much over-crowded, indeed, was that for their county of Middlesex, that the magistrates had been compelled to commence the erection of another to meet the exigencies; and then let them inquire of themselves, What did these facts indicate? Why, they went to prove that there were agencies at work in society, which corrupted the morals, gave vitiated tastes and propensities, stimulated crime, and promoted insanity; and he asserted with confidence, that those agencies chiefly had their origin in such places as were now about to be brought before that bench, as those to which the music and dancing license should be granted. Should, then, the privilege be conceded to them, the agencies to which was to be attributed the vast accumulation of the evils he had pointed out, would receive an increase and an impetus in proportion to the number of licenses granted. If that were so, how, let him ask, could any attempts on the part of the legislature to repress juvenile crime be attended with success? He sincerely trusted, therefore, that before any one of these fresh licenses was granted, the magistrates around him would pause, because he felt quite assured that any person who was anxious to see the enormous amount of juvenile depravity which now existed diminished, must regret to find that the prayer of any one of these eighty-seven applications should be complied with. It was his wish to see the population of the country in the full enjoyment of pure and healthy domestic amusements and pleasures. Those amusements would tend to their comfort, and would promote public morality, whilst the amusements and pleasures which would be found in these places for which the license was sought would have just the opposite tendency, for there nothing but depravity, crime, and immorality was to be seen, or resulted from their existence. But the mischief

to which such places led was incalculable. Would any of those upon that bench who were friendly to Ragged Schools, or the National Schools, give their sanction to such dens of iniquity, which could only increase the very evils which those schools had been calculated to suppress?"

We feel assured, that any one conversant with the nature of these places, will readily accord with the views advanced in the above extract. But, very few of those who ought to know, are at all acquainted with the demoralizing character of such places. They are only visited by those who love to be there, and who drink in the corrupt lessons with greediness. Hence it is, that so many of these dens of iniquity are allowed to exist, from which, we believe, a greater amount of youthful criminality is supplied, than from any other direct source in the metropolis. The scenes of depravity and uproar that are witnessed at Ragged Schools, may very often be traced to the lessons inculcated in these places of filth and abomination. We hazard nothing in making such a statement, for we have proved it by the confessions of the boys themselves, and from what we have been enabled to witness.

A few evenings ago, we had occasion to visit a Ragged School in Lambeth. On entering, we found about thirty-five boys, from ten to fifteen years of age. The school had just been re-opened, and a number of those present had come for the first time. Their conduct was most disorderly, and while the concluding hymn was being sung, they showed the utmost irreverence and profanity. Aware that a "saloon," connected with a low public-house, was open in the neighbourhood, to which they were in the habit of going, we resolved to visit it, and see whether we could trace any connection between the amusements of the saloon and the irreverent conduct of the boys. We shall present our readers with the results of the visit, from which they can draw their own conclusions. On entering the saloon, we observed a mother, with a child in her arms, purchasing a ticket. Her black and bruised eyes, the likely effects of a drunken brawl, led us to suspect the character of the company among whom we were to spend the evening. Our suspicions were further confirmed on reaching the top of a filthy stair, where we were met by a volume of effluvia, heavy and sickening, such as those only have felt who are in the habit of visiting Ragged Schools, or places where ragged and filthy human beings are densely congregated. The pit was filled with eager spectators, a large proportion of whom were boys and girls of the lowest class, from twelve to seventeen years of age. A sprinkling of grown-up people were present, chiefly females. We observed, also, about twelve or fourteen children, the most of whom seemed *under seven* years of age. A dark and wretched gallery, in the further end of the building, was crammed to suffocation by a class of boys and girls, who, for rags and filth, might have formed the *élite* of ragged scholars, in the

lowest school in the metropolis. But the mothers, ten in number, *with infants in their arms*, presented to our mind the most painful spectacle in the motley groups. In one case, the child did not seem to be more than a month old! What can be expected in after life of the children of such parents, but a course of depravity and shame—drinking in iniquity with their mother's milk—inhaling pollution with their very breath—listening to sounds the most savage, and oaths the most profane!

On our table we have a syllabus of the evening's transactions, headed with, "*Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.*" The following was the bill of fare:—"*Spirit of the Abbey; or, The Bond of Blood!*" "*The Siamese Twins;*" and "*Promotion in Life; or, The Path of Crime!*" The whole evening's transactions strongly convinced us, that the last-named title was most truly characteristic of the proceedings. We know of no surer mode of hastening on the young in "*the path of crime*"—of filling our streets with thieves, and our jails with prisoners, than by licensing such dens of iniquity for their reception. To us the actors, like many of the audience, seemed not to be unacquainted with "the path of crime." The conversations of the evening were characterized by swearing, profanity, deception, and lewdness; and the cases represented were those of drunkenness, seduction, murder, and suicide. The bursts of applause throughout the evening showed how eagerly the wretched audience was drinking in the moral pollution.

At stated intervals the pot-boy came round, asking for "orders," and drink was freely supplied to those who had money to pay for it. On these occasions, the indecent conduct of the boys and girls was such as might be expected, where low rabbles are allowed to congregate promiscuously, and where everything around them is blunting their moral feelings, inflaming their passions, and sinking them further into the depths of degradation.

While licenses are granted for the opening of such manufactories of wretchedness and rags—while mothers are to be found ignorant enough, and wicked enough, to carry their babes or lead their infant children there—while neglected children and youths will prefer a night's amusement in such a place to an evening's instruction at school—and while no active measures are taken to remove such temptations out of their way—we need not wonder, although the necessity for Ragged Schools should increase; and, despite all such appliances, many a once hopeful youth will be found fearlessly rushing onward in "the path of crime."

THOUGHTS ON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

BY OLD FATHER THAMES.

If there be "a tide in the affairs of men," so there is, also, in the enterprises of benevolence, nor can either the one or the other be neglected without disastrous consequences. The tide of the "Ragged School Union" appears to be now set in; we ought, therefore, before it goes out, to turn it to advantage. It will be wise to work "while it is day," for "the night cometh, when no man can work." This applies to all; but especially to us whose hairs are grey, for with us it is "now or never."

The old adage, "fair play is a jewel," applies successfully to every upright heart, nor should it be disregarded in the consideration of any subject that occupies our attention. Ragged Schools ought neither to be cried up, nor cried down, more than they deserve. He who asserts, on the one hand, that they will infallibly amend all the evils of society; and he who maintains, on the other, that no good will be effected by them, may alike be safely disregarded; truth lies between these wide extremes. Ragged Schools are no longer an untried speculation, for rough ground has already been ploughed, harrowed, and sown, nor has the harvest fallen short of the expected return. It takes time even with the best husbandry, to make stony ground productive, and to raise a crop of good grain, where docks and thistles were wont to grow in profusion; but industry, perseverance, and patience, have worked wonders before now, and will do it again.

When I read of an original promoter of Ragged Schools, nobly standing his ground against a charge of ragamuffins, after an attempt to "stab" a superintendent, and a threat to "rip up" a teacher—flying their rotten vegetables and animal refuse through the broken windows, bursting open the door, rushing up the crazy staircase, leaping on the forms, and overturning and breaking them—blowing out the lights, crashing the window glass, smashing the tables, and falling *pell-mell* one over another—screaming, cursing and swearing—it appears to me to be heroism of no common order. A charge at the head of the Life Guards would be nothing to it; for in this case, there are witnesses of the courage displayed, and honour and glory, *such as it is*, to be obtained; while the poor Ragged School teacher has neither the one nor the other to sustain him. I should like much to hear of half-a-dozen heroes from the Horse Guards generously doing honour to the heroism of the Ragged School teachers, either by a visit to their battle-fields, or by a contribution to the cause in which they are so nobly struggling.

The wants of the Ragged School Union are—money, schools, and teachers; with such a strengthy demonstration of wise heads and benevolent hearts, as shall devise the best means of promoting the welfare of the scholars, when freed from the fetters of ignorance and immorality. Without money, schools cannot be established; without schools, teachers would have no field for action; without teachers, the enterprise could not be carried on for a single day; and without a plan to enable the scholars to get their living, even the education they receive would be but a mockery.

When we look on a ship afloat on the waters, and take in at one view all her beautiful proportions, from the figure-head to the stern, and from the hull to the maintop-gallant mast, we marvel at the wonderful achievement. But soon after this, we begin to think how many men have been employed to build her. Some have felled the forest trees; some have conveyed them to the dock-yard; some have been at work in forming the hull; some the masts, some the yards, and some the sails; while others have been equally busy in the shrouds, and stays, blocks, braces, bowlines, and bridles—the whole is the united labour of active heads, hearts, and hands. Union is, indeed, strength: let us, then, be in earnest; let us set to work at once, with our heads, hearts, and hands, that we may see the good ship, "The Ragged School Union," floating on the tide of public favour, with her pennant freely fluttering in the breeze.

We sometimes say of the individuals of a promiscuous assembly, that they are "good, bad, and indifferent," but we cannot say this of the scholars of Ragged Schools, without making the admission that the good are very few, and the indifferent and the bad very many; but by whatever opprobrious names the worst of them may be called—thieves, beggars, and vagabonds—it is not because they are these characters that they are received. They are admitted into the schools, as I conceive, simply because they are friendless. It is true, in one sense, that they have friends—

> "For there are unknown, viewless bonds that bind
> The most abandoned beings to their kind;
> The midnight ruffian reeking with the blood
> Of recent murder, bosomed in the wood,
> Will find his friends amid the lawless train
> To bid him welcome to their band again."

But from such friends as these, young people, if possible, should be delivered. Until they change such friends, hardly can they be changed themselves.

Many changes are outwardly for the worse, but inwardly for the better. A policeman, in his clean and simple uniform of blue, does not present half the points to the talented pencil of a Cruikshank, as a bawling old Dogberry of the old school did, encumbered in his many-caped great coat, and sinecure cudgel, protecting, forsooth, our houses, our property, and our lives; now snoring in his watch-box—now making a ludicrous effort with his heavy heels to overtake the nimble-footed depredator—and now springing his noisy rattle, to summon witnesses to his defeat rather than to his victory. A red Indian chief, in his buffalo robe, leggings, maccassins, and scalp-locks, with his head-dress of war eagle plumes falling down his back to the ground, armed with a tomahawk, war-club, and scalping-knife, has rather a tame appearance when changed into a missionary or Baptist minister. And, in like manner, a young Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, or Jonathan Wild, metamorphosed by the Ragged School, or rather changed by His almighty power, whose holy influence, in some degree, accompanies every undertaking of true and disinterested benevolence—changed, I say, from an evil-doer to a

well-doer, and from a Sabbath-breaker to a Sabbath-keeper, the reclaimed transgressor will no longer supply a hero for a novel or romance. But, if in each and all of these changes we lose somewhat of the *piquant* and the picturesque, we get better manners, better morals, and better men.

It would be difficult to say which uttered the louder cry in favour of Ragged Schools—principle, which requires us to "do as we would be done by," or policy, which moves us to take care of ourselves. The voice of each is clear and distinct. There is little danger of erring in the belief, that it is better to part with money to make honest men, than to have it stolen from us by rogues; better to give a little willingly to build a school, than to pay a great deal against our will to build a jail; and better, much better, to be surrounded by civil friends, than to be thronged and annoyed by savage enemies. To cage a tiger that was roaming at large among men, would be to deserve well of mankind; but the Ragged Schools, by teaching roguery, idleness, and immorality, the value of honesty, diligence, and moral habits, will, I hope and trust, cage a thousand tigers.

The scholars, however, in Ragged Schools, are not only taught the advantages that may be obtained in this life by honesty, diligence, and moral habits, but they are led on to reverence God's holy word, to reflect on an eternal world, and to aim at heaven. For what, after all, are the best things of time if not connected with eternity? An idle dream—a transitory illusion—a glittering bubble, bursting against a tombstone.

But to what and to whom are we looking for the success of Ragged Schools? They who depend on human power alone may think that they rest on a cable, while their hope hangs only on a spider's thread. The Giver of all good can alone give us success; to Him let us look, then, and in Him let us trust, turning to the best account all the means He has placed at our disposal.

If, as I believe, so far as earthly influences are concerned, the sinews and strength of this hallowed warfare against evil are the teachers and superintendents of the Schools—if, without their efficient aid, rank and riches would be alike powerless, how ought they to gird up their loins and arm themselves for the battle! What forbearance, and love, and patience, and perseverance, should they practise! What men should they be of faith and prayer, and what holy energy should fill their hearts! A hundred wise-headed, Christian-hearted, volunteer superintendents and teachers would be an irresistible host in the ranks of Ragged Schools, and the refined gold of California would be dross when compared to them in value.

And think not, reader, that you and I may do as we list, in assisting or neglecting the child of crime, the friendless outcast of poverty and depravity! Can we let him crimson his hand, blacken his brow, and harden his heart in iniquity, while we stand by, tempting, if not encouraging him by our indifference? Can we do this, and wash our hands in innocency? Impossible! If we act thus, "we are verily guilty concerning our brother," and run a risk of having addressed to us the words, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty,

and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. For inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

The Ragged Schools are a field in which all may labour; the peer, by his patronage and benevolence—and the poor man, by his personal attendance. The wild schemes of ambition are vanity, and

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Let us pursue a humbler, a wiser, and a more useful career, for it is nobler to do good than to seek for renown. The philanthropist will live in our affections, and have his name handed down with honour, while we know not, and care not, who built the pyramids.

He who has prospered, and would lay out his money to advantage, cannot do better than embark in undertakings of benevolence, where every pound, nay, every penny is at compound interest. Commodities may perish, merchandize may be cast away, and the funds may fall, but active benevolence is sure to be productive in peace and satisfaction. "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again." Parsimony, pinching from other's comforts without adding to his own; Covetousness, with his greedy eyes; and Mammon, with his grasping hands—are losers in the game of life. The most merciless grasp-all that ever clutched ungodly gain, or locked up his iron coffer against the prayer of the widow, or the cry of the fatherless, never yet got half the enjoyment from his gold that he lost by his hard-heartedness. The costliest treasure, the purest gold, the most precious stones, are but poor, perishable, and and poverty-stricken materials, compared with the peace of an approving conscience here, and the joy and glory of a happy hereafter.

Whether, reader, you are rich or poor, do what you can in this righteous cause. In faith and love sow your seed in this field of philanthropy; for, haply, watched over by a heavenly eye, and watered by a heavenly hand, it may spring up, and bring forth fifty and a hundred-fold to the good of others, and to your own satisfaction and joy.

THE SCHOOL AND THE PRISON.

In former times, the science of statistics was accounted of value, chiefly because of the aid which it was fitted to render to the statesman and the conqueror, in seeking to maintain authority, or to obtain dominion through the agency of war and bloodshed. For these ends, the fighting-men of a nation were numbered, and having obtained the number of these, kings sat down to calculate whether they might be able to meet the force of the enemy. In our day, the statistics of mortality have served as foundations whereon to build those associations for life insurances, which, in their own way, have been of no little benefit to mankind. But the science is fitted to aid mankind in attaining far higher advantages than any that are of a mere utilitarian or economical nature. Rows of figures in a statistical table, dry and meaning-

less though they appear, have, and that especially since the time of Sir John Sinclair, been of use as indices to point out great moral truths, and have lent their aid to the Christian philanthropist in his endeavours to further the spiritual well-being and mental improvement of his fellow-beings. By their aid, the physical and moral condition of a people may be laid bare, and the causes of happiness and misery may be more easily explained. To the cause of education they are of especial value, and to the Ragged School teacher they have already stood forth in the character of helps and encouragements. In a recent Newgate Report, noticed in the April Number of this Magazine, a marked decrease in the juvenile commitment-list is recorded, and the cause is traced partly to the increase of Ragged Schools. Partly, also, it is said, to "the wholesome effect of flogging." In other words, the principle of Love in the Schools, and that of Fear in the penal establishments, have unitedly had a good effect. It is not intended here to seek an explanation of what is right and wrong, in the various schemes for the improvement of prison discipline which have been of late years put forth. Experience must test in how far they are founded on truthful principles. That many of them have failed in their object is already apparent. A recent General Report on the Scottish Prisons reveals the fact, that since improvements, so-called, in arrangement and discipline have been introduced into the General Prison at Perth, the assessment on land and household property necessary for keeping up that prison has been more than doubled. This is irrespective of the thousands of pounds that have been expended on building. In 1836, the estimated expense of the prisons over all Scotland was under £12,000; while in 1846, or only ten years later, the assessment for current expenses was £33,544 8*s*., besides £92,734 for building, and the expenses of the general board. In course of the six years, from 1840 to 1846, inclusive, the sum expended on prison buildings in Scotland was £100,000, or thereby. Certainly the increase in population cannot account for all this.

When it is seen that prisons are so expensive, the economical bearing of Ragged Schools becomes apparent. Were these schools to be supported by assessment as prisons are, (not that this would be desirable, but for the sake of illustration,) their cost to the nation would actually be many thousands of pounds less than nothing. And yet the advocates of the Ragged School system require not to rest their arguments on such a consideration, for the value of money, and the value of those benefits which such a system is fitted to be the means of conferring, are incapable of bearing weights against each other in the same balances.

But the fact, that prison reformation involves an expenditure increasing year by year in a greater ratio than the population, may well excite a fear lest fundamental errors may have been committed in laying the plans for experiments in prison regulations, however well-meaning those philanthropists who designed them may have been. It has, perhaps, been too little borne in mind, that the prison is essentially and primarily a place of punishment; and that, being so, it is all the less fitted for being a place for mental and moral elevation. The prison reforms, chiefly by deterring from crime; at least, this is its most natural mode of operating. Before a debased, downcast, degraded criminal can be taught

to look around, and to look upwards, with faith and hope, and commendable ambition, he must be acted upon by an impulse of love, communicated from an outward source. He must feel that some one loves him, that some one has laid obligations on him that demand his gratitude. These agents, gratitude and love, can bend the rude nature, which, like the gnarled oak of a thousand years, has withstood the most violent of the tempest's shocks. There is one Being who can enter a prison, and visit the broken-hearted penitent there, and speak of love, undying, to his soul; and in so doing, that Being may use the means that pleaseth Him best; but, looking at the natural analogy of things, man may expect that when *he* enters the cell wherein a fellow-man may be immured for crime, his motives may be doubted, and his intentions disbelieved, however holy and loving they may be. The prisoner, if his heart has been barred against sympathy, gratitude, and love, will be inclined to dread and hate all men, because amongst their ranks his judge and his jailer are to be found. Love has one mode of teaching, and terror has another; and it is difficult for human instructors to unite them, when they undertake at once to punish and to reform their pupils. Love is the first element in spiritual elevation, and it is difficult to speak sympathetically of love to the chained prisoner, if the speaker, at the same time, has countenanced the riveting of the fetters. Human agency is here spoken of; with him who employs it there is no restraint. But it is not in the nature of prisons to reach those deep-lying impulses that lead to the commission of crime.

If love, then, cannot be an indweller in the prison, she must seek, by other means, to prevent crime, and to reform criminals. Something requires to be done, when the sentence of these unfortunate individuals expires, at once to place them in a way of securing an honest livelihood, and to incite them to act as beings possessing mental faculties and immortal souls. For those of the rising generation whose education is neglected, or who are in the way of being tempted to break the laws of their country, the Ragged School opens its doors. Every failure in prison reformation constitutes another call for support to Ragged Schools.

D. G.

SUMMARY JURISDICTION.

In calling attention to Juvenile Delinquency in the metropolis, and the operation of the law on its increase or decrease, we would invite our readers to peruse Mr. Serjeant Adams's Charge to the Grand Jury of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions in April last. After showing that the present mode of Summary Jurisdiction under the present Larceny Act, although ostensibly showing a decrease of juvenile offenders, really proves an increase in their number, the worthy Serjeant proceeds to offer some judicious and useful suggestions on this all-important subject. He says:—

"I consider that, in the great majority of cases of juvenile offenders under 14 years of age, it is unjust to consider them as *criminals* in the ordinary

sense of the term—that is to say, as offenders of sufficient age of themselves to comprehend the social duties of civilized life, or as offenders who, having been instructed in those duties, have violated them. Many of these unhappy children are wandering and houseless orphans, without a friend to succour them, and committing petty thefts as a means of subsistence; others are hired by practised ruffians to rob and plunder, and initiated by them in every species of low and demoralizing debauchery. Many are children of poor, but respectable parents, seduced by boys of riper years to commit little pilferings, for which they find a ready market; whilst some contribute to the support of their profligate parents, by the fruits of their dishonest industry.

"It is not that these boys are naturally more vicious and depraved than the children of honest parents, but that their evil propensities have been encouraged, and their virtuous ones benumbed. How can a child of tender years, who has received no instruction, religious or moral, or who has been sent out by his parents to beg or steal, caressed when successful, and punished when unlucky, form any just notion of his duties either to God or to society? And if two or three months' discipline of the tread-wheel, oakum-room, or solitary cell, (repeated at intervals, as the case may require,) could impart them to him, what means has he, when he quits his prison, of putting his newly-acquired principles into action? There is far greater hope under a kind of judicious system, of the reformation of these unfortunate and neglected beings, than of the children of honest and reputable parents who appear at the bar of justice, for such children have had the means of knowledge, and neglected it."

He then goes on to show, what he would advise to be done, instead of short imprisonments and whipping, thus:—

"It appears to me, that moral and religious training, adapted to the capacities and habits of children, accompanied by agricultural or handicraft labour, with intervals, when their conduct merits it, for recreation and boyish sports, is the true punishment for offenders of this class; and this system can be more wisely and successfully carried out in well-disciplined reformatory schools, than in the gloom and monotony of a jail, or under any system of prison discipline which has hitherto been invented.

"I would first train them in the way they should go, and when they have been thus trained, I would send them to some healthy colony, (thus making expatriation the penalty of the parents' sins, and the price of their own moral redemption,) there, under proper superintendence, and removed from their old temptations, to serve out their youthful years as apprentices to well-conducted masters.

"When a child is charged with such offences as would bring him within the present scheme of Summary Jurisdiction, or send him for trial at the Sessions, or warrant his commitment under the Larceny Act, I would empower the justice before whom he was brought to dismiss the charge altogether, or direct him to be whipped and locked up upon bread and water for some short period, or send him under an order to the parish or union workhouse, or under their warrant, at the expense of the parents, if they are of sufficient substance, or at the expense of the government, county, parish, or union, as the case may require, (the justice having the power to make the order accordingly,) to some institution for the reformation of young offenders, there to remain and abide by its rules, of which ultimate apprenticeship in some healthy colony should, for reasons already given, generally, if not invariably, form one."

As one specimen of the expense attendant on the present system, and its manner of working, the following may be given:—

"Thomas Miller, *aged eight years*, was tried at Clerkenwell, at the August Session, 1845, for stealing boxes, and sentenced to be imprisoned for one calendar month, and once whipped.

"At the January Session, 1846, he was again tried at the Clerkenwell Sessions, for robbing a till, and inquiries being then made, it appeared that, in addition to the above-mentioned trial, he had also been twice summarily convicted, and once tried at the Central Criminal Court during the year 1846. He was, in consequence, sentenced to seven years' transportation, for the purpose of sending him to Parkhurst, but the Prison Inspectors thought him too young and too dimunitive, and his sentence was commuted to *three months' imprisonment.*

"On March 14, 1846, he was again convicted of larceny before the Common Serjeant, and in the printed Sessions Cases it is stated, that the prisoner had been in custody eight or ten times. The Common Serjeant took the same view of the case with myself, and again sentenced him to transportation, and he was again rejected by the Prison Inspectors, his sentence being on this occasion commuted to imprisonment for *two years.* He was discharged on May 13, 1848.

"In July, 1848, he was summarily convicted, and sentenced to *fourteen days' imprisonment.*

"From that period he has been lost sight of in the Middlesex prisons until the 4th day of the present month, when he was sentenced under the Larceny Act *to be whipped and imprisoned two days.*

"He is now only twelve years of age, and not more than four feet two inches in height, so that he will continue his career for *two* years more, and until he has grown four inches, before he will be qualified for Parkhurst."

BE IN EARNEST.

THERE is such a thing as being almost a Christian; as looking back unto perdition; as being not far from the kingdom of heaven, and falling short at last. Beware, lest thou lose the reward. The promise is made to him that holdeth fast—holdeth out to the end, and overcometh. Labour to forget the things which are behind, and reach unto the things which are before. He who is contented with just enough grace to escape hell, and to get to heaven, and desires no more, may be sure he hath none at all, and is far from the kingdom of God. Labour to enjoy converse with God. Strive to do everything as in his presence, and for his glory. *Act as in the sight of the grave and eternity. Let us awake and fall to work in good earnest.* Heaven and hell are before us. Why do we sleep? Dulness in the service of God is very uncomfortable, and at best will cost us dear; but to be contented in such a frame is the certain sign of a hypocrite. *Oh, how will such tremble when God shall call them to give an account of their stewardship, and tell them they may be no longer stewards!* Oh, live more upon the invisible realities of heaven, and let a sense of their excellencies put life into your performances!—*Janeway.*

If I ever reach the kingdom of heaven, I think I will try to find the thief who died on the cross, and take him by the hand, and say, Come, my brother, let us go aside, and see if we can find out which of us is the greatest debtor to the grace of God.—*Spence.*

Poetry.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL EMIGRANTS.

FAREWELL our native land,
From thee we range afar,
And leave thy shores, a homeless band,
Our lamp yon star.

Yon star with rays so bright,
To which we long were blind,
Till told of sight and heavenly light,
By teachers kind.

The God of whom they spake,
Will bear in mind their cares,
Reward their toils for Jesus' sake,
And hear their prayers.

We seek another shore,
Across the raging main,
The lov'd school-door for us no more
Will ope' again.

O may we learn to know,
That like the restless sea,
Where'er we go while here below,
Our life must be.

There is a land above,
Where wanderings all shall cease;
A land of light, a land of love,
A land of peace.

D. G.

BLESSING.

"And my prayer shall turn into my own bosom."—*Psa.* xxxv. 13.

WHAT ever lost by giving?
The sky pours down its rain,
Refreshing all things living,
While mists rise up again.

Go, rob the sparkling fountain,
And drain its basin dry;
The barren seeming mountain
Will fill its chalice high.

Who ever lost by loving?
Though all our heart we pour,
Still other spirits moving,
To pay our love with more.

And was there ever blessing,
That did not turn and rest;
A double power possessing,
The blesser being bless'd!

Pietas Metrica.

Plans and Progress.

THE COMING WINTER.

THE summer is nearly "over and gone." The bright sunny hours are passing away. The early sunset and the gathering clouds remind us of needful preparation for "the coming winter." The "fields and forests" will soon be bare—the green verdure and soft breezes of summer will soon be exchanged for the damps and colds of "gloomy winter." The Sabbath pleasure-vans will be less in use—the "highways and hedges" less frequented. In the lanes and alleys, too, the change will be felt, among those who seldom see the country, because they can neither afford shoes, nor vans to carry them,—those whose summer excursions extend only to the lane or the open street, where, for a time, they may forget their misery, escape from the torments of domestic "intruders," and the fœtid exhalations of their dingy dwellings. To the subjects of rags and hunger the cold is doubly keen, and even the cheerless attic or the cellar, with its broken windows and empty fire-place, again becomes to them a welcome refuge.

But let us not forget the many thousands of ragged, friendless children, who have neither cellar nor attic to which they can go. The dwellers under the bridges or dreary archways, whose bed is the cold ground or a handful of stolen straw, and whose only covering is a youthful companion in his misery, who lies over him to keep him warm.* To such, in the winter season especially, the Ragged School becomes a home. And not only to them, but to many others, whose brutal fathers and drunken mothers have rendered their homes so wretched, as to be, to the poor children, the least homely place in all the world, without the image of one endearment. The only friend he knows is his kind-hearted teacher; and the place to him, most like what others call home, is the Ragged School. He there finds warmth and shelter; and, better still, kindness and sympathy, and instruction in those truths which tell him of a home in heaven, through the mercy of God and the love of Jesus, which, in his father's home, was never known. For such reasons as these, the winter months become the harvest-time of the Ragged Schools. The forms, and even the floors, are thronged with children, and the doors are often surrounded by scores of needy applicants. "The harvest is truly plenteous, *but the labourers are* FEW." Every school presents a field, laden with corn white unto the harvest, but few are willing to bear the labour and fatigue of reaping the precious grain. Much need have we to "pray the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth more labourers unto his harvest." If this were a needful duty when the "sheep" were without shepherds, surely it is all the more needful when the "*lambs*" are "scattered abroad," without either attention or care. But let those who pray, also *labour;* let them be active, earnest, faithful. Let them not only be faithful to the children, but to the thousands in the church of Christ, who are "standing all the day

* Six or eight often lie in this state together, the one over the other.

idle." Let this not only be done in an individual, but also in a collective capacity. Let the Committees of those schools where teachers are wanted—and there are few Ragged Schools where they are not—let them resolve that, by deputations or otherwise, the claims of their schools shall be laid before the clergymen, ministers, and office-bearers of every Christian church and congregation in their respective neighbourhoods. By this means, a responsibility would be created, which, in many cases, would be felt and acted on. It is only to the church of Christ that we can look for such an agency. It is only there where we can find those who are able to use that only lever by which these poor fallen outcasts can be raised; and, we regret to say, that it is but in a few instances that a proper degree of interest has been taken in the work. In almost every Ragged School the effects of this are severely felt. The teachers have double and often treble the number of children in their classes which they ought to have, and for many children there are no teachers at all—large numbers on this account are kept outside the door. Hence arises confusion and uproar, both within and without. The teachers are discouraged, and the work of God is hindered; and yet all this can be remedied by an increased agency, and that agency, we repeat, is only to be found in the Christian church.

If it be true what an eloquent writer has said, when speaking of the physical wretchedness of a ragged child, "that there is not a father, by whose side, in his daily or his nightly walk, these creatures pass; there is not a mother among all the ranks of loving mothers in this land; there is no one risen from the state of childhood, who shall not be responsible in his or her degree for the enormity. There is not a country throughout the earth on which it will not bring a curse. There is no religion upon earth that it would not deny; there is no people upon earth it would not put to shame,"—if this be true in reference to those who have only this world's goods to give them, how much greater must be the responsibility of those who have "tasted of the good word of life," and are thereby enabled to measure the *extent* of the poverty of a friendless ragged child, to whom that "word of life" has never been explained? We believe there are many who might be brought into the work, if diligent and prayerful means were used, and it rests with those who have the welfare of the schools at heart to put these means in exercise. Let us not wait until the necessity be felt—let proper steps be taken at once to increase the number of teachers, and thus prepare for the exigencies of the coming winter.

To those already engaged in the work, we would say, Strive to be regular. Let nothing but sickness or death prevent you from being in your class *at the proper time*. Remember, if you are not in your class, it is likely to be in confusion. The children come to school to meet with *you;* and if you disappoint them, they are not likely to listen to a stranger. It may be the last evening with some of them, and the last opportunity *you* may have of doing them good. Therefore, be regular, be patient, be *earnest*. Remember your Lord's command and promise, "Deliver the poor and needy, rid them out of the hand of the wicked." "And thou shalt be blessed, *for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.*"

Editor's Portfolio.

THE BEGGAR.

FROM THE FRENCH.

MANY years since, when I was a young man about twenty years of age, I used very frequently to spend Sunday with my mother, who resided at Versailles, this being the only day of the week on which I could leave Paris. I generally walked as far as the Barrier, and thence I took a seat in one of the public carriages to my mother's house. When I happened to be too early for the diligence, I used to stop and converse with a beggar, whose name was Anthony, and who regularly took his station at the Barrier de Passy, where, in a loud voice, he solicited alms from every one who passed, with a degree of perseverance that was really astonishing. I generally gave him a trifle, without inquiring whether he deserved it or not, partly because I had got into the habit of doing so, and partly to get rid of his importunities. One day in summer, as I waited for the diligence, I found Anthony at his usual post, exerting his accustomed form of petition—"For the love of heaven, bestow your alms on a poor man—Messieurs, Mesdames, the smallest trifle will be gratefully received."

While Anthony was in this manner pouring his exclamation into the ears of every one who came within the reach of his voice, a middle-aged man, of respectable appearance, joined us. He had a pleasant expression of countenance, was very well dressed, and it might be seen at a glance that he was a man in good circumstances. Here was a fit subject for a beggar, who quickly made his advances, proclaiming, in a loud voice, his poverty, and soliciting relief.

"You need not be a beggar unless you please," replied the gentleman, "when you may have an income of ten thousand crowns."

"You are pleased to jest, sir," said Anthony.

"By no means," said the gentleman, "I never was more serious in my life. Listen to me, my friend. You perceive that I am well dressed—and I tell you, that I have everything a reasonable man need desire."

"Ah, sir, you are a fortunate man."

"Well, my friend, I would not have been so if I had sat and begged, as you are doing."

"I have no other means of obtaining my living."

"Are you lame?"

"No, sir."

"You are not blind, nor deaf, and you certainly are not dumb, as every passer-by can testify. Listen: I shall tell you my history in a few words. Some fifteen or twenty years ago I was a beggar, like yourself; at length, I began to see that it was very disgraceful to live on the bounty of others, and I resolved to abandon this shameful way of life as soon as I possibly could. I quitted Paris, and went into the provinces—begged for old rags. The people were very kind to me, and in a short time I returned to Paris with a tolerable large bundle of rags of every description. I carried them to a paper-maker, who bought them at a fair price. I went on collecting, until, to my great joy, my finances enabled me to purchase rags, so that I was no longer forced to beg for them. At length, by diligence and industry, I became rich enough to buy an ass, with two panniers, and they

saved me both time and labour. My business increased; the paper-makers found that I dealt honestly with them; I never palmed off bad rags for good ones; I prospered, and see the result. In place of being a poor, despised beggar, I have ten thousand crowns a year, and two houses in one of the best streets in Paris. If, then, my friend, you can do no better, begin as a rag merchant. And here," he continued, "is a crown, to set you up in your new trade; it is more than I had; and, in addition, please take notice, that if I find you here another Sunday, I shall report you to the police."

On saying this the gentleman walked off, leaving Anthony and myself in a state of great surprise. Indeed, the beggar had been so much interested in the history he had heard, that he stood with open mouth and eyes, in mute astonishment, nor had he even power to solicit alms from two well-dressed ladies who passed at that moment.

I could not help being struck with the story, but I had no time to comment upon it, as the diligence had arrived, in which I seated myself, and pursued my way. From that period I lost sight of the beggar; whether the fear of the police, or the hopes of gaining ten thousand crowns a year, had wrought the change, I was not aware; it is sufficient to say, that from that day forward he was never seen at the Barrier.

Many years afterwards, it happened that business called me to Tours. In strolling through the city, I stepped into a bookseller's shop, to purchase a new work that had made some noise. I found there four young men, all busily employed, while a stout, good-looking man was giving them orders, as he walked up and down, with an air of importance. I thought I had seen the face of the bookseller before, but where I could not for a moment tell, until he spoke, and then I discovered him to be my old friend Anthony. The recognition was mutual; he grasped my hand, and led me through his shop into a well-furnished parlour; he lavished every kindness on me, and finally gave me his history from the time we parted at the Barrier. With the crown of the stranger he began, as he had advised him, to collect rags. He made money; became the partner of a paper manufacterer; married his daughter; in short, his hopes were fulfilled, his ambition gratified, and he could now count his income at ten thousand crowns. He prayed every day for blessings on his benefactor, who had been the means of raising him from the degraded condition of a common beggar. Anthony is so convinced of the evil and sin of idleness, and of subsisting on the charity of others, that, while liberal and kind to those who are willing to work, no entreaties, no supplication, ever prevailed on him to bestow a single sous on those who would not help themselves.—*Bible Class Magazine.*

THE BISHOP AND THE BIRDS.

A Bishop, who had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" thus explained the matter to an intimate friend of his.—Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillelgen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up some sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick juniper berries, and carry them to a neighbouring distiller, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed the open window of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys

of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He was quite aware it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day, thinking, whilst he was gathering the juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked them what it was for. The boys told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting a trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt he could catch some. The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in the basket, and, tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just then, as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and, with some alarm, he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master. "A present, my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents; tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides." "I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy. The schoolmaster looked at the boy, who stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trousers, that reached only half-way down his naked legs. "You are a very singular boy," said he, "but if you will not take money you must tell me what I can do for you, as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you?" "O yes," said the boy, trembling with delight, "you can do for me what I should like better than anything else." "What is that?" asked the schoolmaster, smiling. "Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling on his knees. "O dear, kind sir, teach me to read!" The liberal master complied. The boy came to him at all his leisure hours, and learned so rapidly, that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman residing in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in mind as in birth, patronized the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities; and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honours, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms. "What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend. "I mean," returned the bishop, with a smile, "that the poor boy was myself."—*Tales for Young People, by Miss Landor.*

LOOK FORWARD!

OH, BRETHREN! strive to obtain an abundant entrance and a full reward. Seek to be so useful that the world will miss you when away; or, whether this world miss you or not, that in a better world there may be many to welcome you as you enter it, and many to follow you when you have long been there. And, above all, so to live for Christ, so travail in his service, that when you fall asleep, a voice may be heard from heaven, saying, "Blessed are the dead which die IN THE LORD: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their LABOURS, and their WORKS do follow them."—*Life in Earnest.*

Literary Notices.

Christian Education the Safeguard of a People. A Sermon preached in St. Michael's Church, Chester Square. By the Rev. W. Harrison, A.M. London: J. J. Guillaume, Chester Square.

We hail with delight every effort that is made, either from the pulpit or the press, for the extension of a sound Scriptural education among the poor. Amid the many appliances for the cure of our social evils, it is the only one which will be found effective and permanent. The sooner the public gives practical evidence of this conviction the better. We believe that, to the cause generally, such an eloquent and striking appeal as that of Mr. Harrison's must render essential service. It is founded on the well-known passage in Prov. xxii. 6. After referring to the nature of the training suggested, and the beneficial results promised, he goes on to say:—

"But I turn from these considerations to one more important for my object now, and that is, the crying necessity for this early training in this day. And here, brethren, I might occupy hours with the various details of the statistics of crime, which has its origin in the paucity of our schools. But I would just call your attention to one point, and beg you to ask yourselves the question, as to what becomes of the thousands of youths who form the rising generation among the lower classes—I mean lads from fifteen years and upwards? What is their predominant character? It is precocious vice and lawlessnes; a fierce contempt and hatred of restraint. Look through any congregation, and ask, Where are these youths? They are not in the house of God. I will tell you where they are. They are scattered on the Sabbath-day, according to their means and fancies, in a radius of ten miles round London. Greenwich, Richmond, Battersea, the parks, the streets, the public-houses—these and such like are their haunts on the day which God made for man's soul. If the Sabbath be a sign between God and man—A SIGN THAT HE IS THE GOD OF THE MAN WHO OBSERVES IT, what becomes of the relation between them and God? Are they not literally '*without God in the world*?' • • • But there are also below them the young thieves of London, for whom there are eight lodging-houses in one place, and, as I suspect, not very far from this neighbourhood. Imagine, in one place alone, upwards of 300 boys in regular training, not in the way in which they should go, but in the science of thieving; and many of them but *seven* years of age. And what is the religion of these masses of young men and lads? Religion? They have none. Many have had a scramble for the rudiments of education, and many may have learned enough to increase their stock of knowledge, by reading all the infidel publications of the day (of which there are more at this moment than ever were known;) but their religion is infidelity. They drink in from week to week intoxicating draughts of the foulest and most revolting nature. Everything that can tend to debase the intellect and demoralize the soul, is poured in profusion among the youth of our great cities."

After describing at length the quantity and character of the infidel literature of the present day, he adds:—

"Now, whither does all this tend? You are thinking beings. You have a stake in this country. You are Christians. What I have said of London is true, more or less, of every manufacturing town in England and Scotland. Temporally it tends to a revolution of horrors. Spiritually it tends to the eternal damnation of millions. How shall we clog, if we cannot destroy the evil? Is there no means left to us for stopping its further progress? There is but one way that presents us with much hope of success. Anticipate the mischief. Train up the children of the poor in the way they should go, and when they are old they will not depart from it."

We have much pleasure in adding, that the Duchess of Cambridge, who heard the sermon delivered, presented a copy, when printed, to the Queen; and her Majesty and Prince Albert were both so struck by its contents, that they each sent, immediately, a cheque of a liberal amount towards the completion of the author's schools.

Engraving of a Ragged School. Published by Joseph Cundall, 21, Old Bond Street, for the Benefit of the Birmingham Free Industrial Schools.

This Engraving is, we understand, etched by Mr. Wehnert, from a beautiful drawing by the Marchioness of Waterford. The sketch was taken by her Ladyship in the Ragged School at Westminster; and no one who sees it can refuse their tribute of admiration to the true nobility of the talented lady, who has thus devoted her genius to the good cause of Ragged Schools.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

Sir,—Should you think the following statement worthy a place in the Magazine, you would confer a favour on one or two parties who are much interested in the matter:—

A poor ragged boy, when crossing London Bridge one evening, in the early part of last week, discovered a parcel on the pavement. On taking it up he found it contained Bank of England notes, which he immediately conveyed to the nearest station-house. In answer to the inquiries of the inspector, he said he was a poor friendless boy, that he attended a Ragged School, but did not state where. Shortly afterwards the owner of the notes called at the station-house to acquaint the inspector of his loss, when, to his surprise, he found his parcel "safe in custody."

On examination, he found the notes all correct. He gave £5 to the inspector, to be presented to the school to which the poor boy belonged. But, although he has been at several Ragged Schools, he has failed as yet in discovering the right one. He informed me last Sabbath evening that they also wished to reward the boy for his honesty.

Now, Sir, if, through the medium of the Magazine, you would give these facts a wide circulation, and thereby call the attention of the Masters and Teachers to the facts I have stated, the donation would be handed over to the proper school, and the poor boy receive his just reward.

I remain, your obedient Servant, J. N.

Oct. 9th, 1849.

We have great pleasure in giving insertion to the above interesting statement, which has been forwarded by the Master of a Ragged School. Should the boy and his school be discovered, by communicating the fact to the Secretary of the Ragged School Union, the payment of the money will be facilitated.—Ed.